

COBBETT'S WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOL. 39.—No. 13.] LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1821. [Price 6d.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Six o'Clock.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Kensington, 26th June, 1821.

I am not going in this present Register, to enter fully into this subject. I have the Report before me; but the *Evidence* I have not yet seen, in its *complete state*. My *little bird* did, indeed, tell me, as I have once or twice observed, of *certain things* that took place in the Committee; and the public will soon see, that he told me the literal truth.—The Report is now published at the Office of the Register, price *one shilling*; but, the *Evidence*, which is voluminous, will, with the Report, make a full-sized *Octavo Volume*. This volume, complete, will be published at the Register-Office next week, at a price not exceeding *seven and sixpence*. In the meanwhile, however, those who may choose to have the Report *only*, may

have it *now* at a *shilling*; but, I should apprise the public, that the Report without the *Evidence* is like the *garnish* in the absence of the *joint*.—I shall *number* the paragraphs of this edition of the *Report and Evidence*; and, beginning with my next, I shall write two Registers in the way of commentary on these important documents. The *numbering* will save the room that must, otherwise be devoted to long extracts. And, when the public are in possession of these two Registers, together with the Report and Evidence, I think they will want no further information on the subject, than which, certainly, a more important one never became matter of discussion in any country in the world.—This has, for more than a century, been the most powerful nation in Europe, and, it is now a *question*, whether it be, or be not, to re-

2 0

tain its power! The rise, and the fall, of nations, do not depend upon *treaties* and *battles*, nor upon the *strife of parties*, so much as upon measures affecting the *industry* and the *moral character* of the people. And, we are now, in the course of not many months, going to see how these are to be attended to in the acts of the government. — The *Report* of the Agricultural Committee is, in one respect, of very great public interest: it *fully discovers the views of the Ministers*; and that is a great deal. It is said, that Mr. HUSKISSON drew up the Report. It does great credit to the talents of the writer, though there is an affectation of fine style, which renders the meaning, in many instances obscure, *even at a second or third reading*. Say what men will, this is not really *good writing*: to be really good, it must be *plain* to plain men. However, this is an *able paper*; and the author of it, be he who he may, is not unfit to have a

share in the councils of His Majesty. — When I speak of the ability discovered in this paper, I must not, however, be understood as assenting to its principles, its facts, and, above all, to its conclusions. Some of them certainly are sound and correct; but, others, and those of the greatest weight as to the matter in question, are, in my opinion, wholly erroneous. — There prevails, through the whole of the Report, a spirit of candour and of conciliation, and no attempts are made to disguise the nature or the magnitude of the evil, though pretty earnest endeavours are made to encourage hope from sources in which I can see none, but in which hope the author, or authors, of the Report are certainly sincere, because they act upon it and rest their measures upon it. — Therefore I am disposed to treat this document with respect, and not in the manner, in which it becomes me and every man to treat those masses of absurdities and falsehoods, which

have but too often come forth to scandalize and insult the nation under the title of Public Papers. —It is no sacrifice for me to confess, that I view this paper with feelings less hostile, on account of its recognizing several principles, for which I have myself long contended, and for so contending have, for years, been an object of abuse.—Enough, however, on this subject for the present. It shall be my anxious endeavour to make the whole matter *clear* to every reader; and this I trust I shall accomplish before the subject goes out of my hands. The next session of parliament will probably determine, whether this nation is to continue to *be great*; or, to become *very little*. It is fitting, therefore, that we should be duly prepared for the discussions that will then infallibly arise.

“ENGLAND’S GLORY”

AND

MR. CANNING.

TO

The Electors of Westminster.

Kensington, 26 June, 1821.

GENTLEMEN,

It was not my desire to trouble you with any remarks on “GLORY’S” conduct. His adventures since the month of February last were quite sufficient to render all further notice of him wholly unnecessary; but, this recent affair between Mr. CANNING and him really does call so loudly for something, from some quarter or other, that I cannot remain silent. As a mere *duelling* affair, I should, probably, only have joined others in laughing at “Glory’s” conduct in it; but, the correspondence, in this case, involves matter of political *principle* and *consistency* (that precious quality in “Glory’s” eyes); and, therefore, the thing becomes

matter of importance, more especially as he is a member for your populous city, and as he still occasionally talks about a *Reform in the Parliament*.

The short history of the quarrel between "*Glory*" and Mr. Canning is this:—The former, being at the time passing his *three months* "in the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench," wrote and sent to the Chairman of what was called "*a Reform Dinner*," on the 4th of April last, a letter to be read to the persons then and there assembled. In this letter he spoke *evil* of Mr. Canning, as you will presently see. The latter, who was then in England, took no notice of this letter at the time; and, soon afterwards, went to France. But, as soon as "*Glory's*" three months "*custody*" were expired, Mr. Canning came home, and wrote to "*Glory*," by the hands of Lord William Bentinck, demanding (and, as you will see, in a most peremptory style) a *disavowal*, or, the "*other alternative*." The

disavowal was made; and that, too, in the most *prompt* manner. There was no want of *industry* on this occasion! There was no *shilly-shally*. Prompt enough, faith in this affair.

Now, gentlemen, if this matter had been a mere *duelling* affair. If it had embraced nothing of politics, it would have passed wholly unnoticed by me. But, you will find, that the *disavowal* strikes at the very root of political justice; and that, if it be to pass uncensured, all that *responsibility* in public functionaries, for which we have always been contending, and for which "*Glory*" has always been contending, is completely swept away.

We will now take the documents, beginning with "*Glory's*" letter aforementioned. And, here, before I proceed further, let me observe, that I give no *nick-name*. This is the name, or title, given to him by his own band of creatures; his own RUMP; his own friends and par-

tizans. Does he merit it? *Is* he the "*Glory of England?*" Then it is a title *due* to him; and it can be no nick-name, no mockery. Is he unworthy of it? Does the application of it to him excite laughter? Then let him no longer surround himself with the band of base flatterers, who have bestowed it on him; and who, by the various arts, of which I shall by and by speak, extort from you that support of him, which your own good sense and honesty, if left to themselves, would never suffer you to give. Gentlemen, we hear enough of flattering *courtiers*; we despise the parasites of *kings*; we think ourselves fully warranted, in this case, to express our contempt of the receiver as well as of the utterer of the flattery; we are moreover, in the habit of commending blunt sincerity, and I hope, this commendation is not unjustly given to us as a nation. But, Gentlemen, Electors of Westminster, was ever flattery so fulsome; was ever flattery so nauseous; did ever subject of the Grand Monarque of France or slave of Turkish Sultan, utter flattery so base and disgusting as that which has been poured on this man by those creatures who have the audacity to put forth their slavish eulogiums in *your name*? We have heard of numerous instances of hyperbolic flattery, but never of one equal to "*England's Glory*," applied to a fickle, an irresolute, an inert, and inefficient being, who himself acknowledges that *he can do no good*, though placed in a situation, where even the poorest of talents might, and must, if honestly exerted, do *great good*. To apply an appellation like this to such a man, is not only shameful in itself, but it would seem to indicate a widely prevalent want of public principle; and it must have a tendency to disgust men of real worth, and to make them despise, and, of course, to be careless about the fate of, a people who can be at once so base and so unjust. If this man, who

can, or, at least, who really does, *do nothing*, be "*England's Glory*;" if he be "*Westminster's Pride*;" if this be the way, in which *the people* estimate, what man can think it a duty to make real and efficient exertions for such a people? However, let me dismiss this topic, for the present, by expressing my conviction, that this preposterous and ridiculous appellation has been given without *your* sanction. But, let me add, that it is your *bounden duty* to interfere, and that, too, in an efficient manner, whenever the occasion again may arise. I know, that *you* do not sanction those contemptible annual festivals, where "*purity of election*" is chaunted by impudent men, who have, in effect, made your great city no better than a *rotten borough*, and where the hero of the Rump has the modesty to sit and hear himself styled the "*Glory of England*;" but, those festivals are held in *your name*; and, it becomes you to vindicate your character.

To return from this digression, I shall, as I before said, insert the documents, beginning with "*Glory's*" letter to the Lord Mayor, who was Chairman of the "*Reform Dinner*." Then will come Mr. Canning's demand of a disavowal, or ———! Then GLORY's *prompt* and ample disavowal; and then the curious letter of Mr. KINNAIRD (one of "*GLORY's*" chickens!) accusing the editor of the *COURIER* of *forgery* and complaining of *breach of confidence*. Lord WILLIAM BENTINCK's exposure of the nonsense of this complaint will close the collection, which collection, unless you separate yourselves from the *Rump* and their hero will long remain a deep stigma on yourselves; for, the question naturally arises: if such be "*Westminster's Pride*," what must *the people* of Westminster be.

King's Bench Prison, April 4, 1821.

MY LORD,

You will not, I am sure, doubt the sincerity with which I express my regret at being unavoidably detained

from the Meeting of this day. My heart is however amongst you, and my mind altogether in the great cause which you are met to promote. That cause has been supported by so much ability, acute reasoning and profound learning, that it baffles ingenuity to offer any thing importantly new upon the subject. Nor do I now take up my pen with the vain hope of doing any thing more than expressing my respect for the Gentlemen assembled. Indeed, the question is itself so plain, and has been so elaborately set forth and illustrated, that to use the slang of the Honourable House, the people out of doors, the profane vulgar, perfectly understand it. For in this enlightened age and country, no one is, I take it, so ignorant as not to know, that *to have is to have*, which is *the whole of the subject*; that if what I acquire, either by good fortune or the sweat of my brow, another can take from me without my own consent, it is not my property, but his; that in that case I am tenant at will; and that if any man, or set of men, can make laws to imprison my person, to which I have never consented, my person is as insecure as my property, in other words, that "Liberty and Property," the watchword of our forefathers, are sounds as senseless and empty as the beating of a drum—as

"Sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

* * * * *

Gentlemen, that Mr. Canning, I mention him as the champion of the party. *a part for the whole*, should defend to the utmost a system by the hocus-pocus tricks by which *he and his family get so much public money*, can cause neither me nor any man suspicion or anger.

"For 'tis their duty, all the learned think,

"To espouse the cause *by which they eat and drink.*"

Do I therefore say the House of Commons is corrupt? Not I indeed, even though I should run no risk of being transported—no such thing; they are true to the interest of those who send them. "*The ox knoweth his owner*, and the *ass his master's crib*," and they at least equal the ox and the ass in knowledge and virtue, and are, moreover, superior to the Jews, for they do know their Maker. I will, however, boldly adduce their example, as proof undeniable, of benefits the people would derive from appointing their own representatives, seeing that these gentlemen are ever true to their own and their patrons' interest. This identity of interest keeps all smooth, and the public may rest assured that the same cause will ever produce the same effect, and that whenever the public shall have the appointment of their own House of Commons, the public expenditure will be controuled, the public burthens diminished, the public money applied to public purposes, and the public happiness and prosperity, in other words, "Liberty and Property" secured, and not till then. In the mean time I take this opportunity of expressing my satisfaction at the cause being in such good hands, and to add, that the Reformers may always command, such as they are, my services in any way or situation which they can think useful.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

FRANCIS BURDETT.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

Gloucester Lodge, June 7, 1821.

Sir—In a letter bearing your signature, and purporting to have been addressed by you to the Chairman of a dinner of Parliamentary Reformers on the 4th of April, which was published in several of the Newspapers of the following day; a liberty is taken with my name, as little justifiable (in my judgment) by differences of public opinion, as it is reconcilable with the ordinary courtesies of private life.—The obvious meaning of that passage in your letter of which I complain, is, to impute to me, that in upholding the present system of Representation in the House of Commons, *I am actuated by the corrupt and dishonourable motive of a personal pecuniary interest.*—It cannot be matter of surprise to you, that I should feel myself under the necessity of *requiring at your hands a disavowal of the imputation* which that passage appears to convey. Should you be unable, or unwilling, to afford me a satisfactory explanation upon this point, *I have then to demand of you the only other reparation which an injury of such a nature admits.* It can hardly be necessary to state to you, Sir, the reason why this demand has not been sooner made: but I owe it to myself to preclude the possibility of any doubt or misrepresentation, as to the causes of that delay. The first and natural impulse of my own feelings, was to address myself to you the instant that I had read your letter in the newspapers. But it was represented to me by the friend

whom I requested to take charge of my letter, that your then situation rendered it impossible for you to accept the second of the alternatives proposed to you (a circumstance which, I must be permitted to observe, considerably aggravated the offence offered to me); that the utmost which I could obtain from you was an engagement to afford me satisfaction, so soon as the term of your confinement should have expired; that the interval must be full of hazard as to secrecy; that without in any degree impeaching either your honour, or that of any Gentleman whom you might select, the mere fact (which could hardly be concealed) of a communication between me or any friend of mine, and the King's Bench, could not fail to excite suspicion; and that such suspicion would necessarily be strengthened by my prolonging my stay in England till the middle of May, after having repeatedly and publicly announced my intention of waiting only for Mr. Lambton's motion of the 17th of April. Yielding for the time (and I know not how I could have done otherwise), to the force of these representations, it remained for me only to keep my own counsel, and to quicken, as much as possible, my return from the Continent. I arrived here yesterday evening. My first business on my arrival has been to communicate with Lord William Bentinck, who has the goodness to undertake to deliver this letter to you, *and to settle on my behalf all necessary arrangements on the matter to which it relates.* I assure you, upon my honour, that Lord William Bentinck is the only person who has any knowledge of this letter, or of my purpose to write it. I

have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

GEO. CANNING.

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

St. James's-place, June 8, 1821.

Sir—I am not aware of having made any unjustifiable allusion to you, or of having said of you in my letter to the Chairman of the Reform Meeting, more than *all political men, who benefit from the system which they advocate, are fairly and necessarily subject to.* The letter in question is now before me; and I am at a loss for a form of words in which I could have more guardedly marked the disqualification under which I conceive yourself and others to be from giving authority to your opinions on Parliamentary Reform, and at the same time have *avoided making any allusion whatever to personal character.* Not having intended, and not having made (as I read the letter), any such allusion at the time, I cannot now hesitate in a more particular manner, to *disclaim having ever had such an intention.* I have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient, humble Servant,
(Signed) FRANCIS BURDETT.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

Gloucester Lodge, June 9, 1821.

Sir—Lord William Bentinck has just delivered to me the answer, which you have transmitted to his Lordship, through Mr. Kinnaird, to the letter which I addressed to you on Thursday. Lord William Bentinck's opinion (with which my own feelings entirely coincide) satisfies me that I can have no other reply

to make to your letter, than to express my acknowledgment for the frankness and promptitude, with which you have disclaimed any intention of personal offence. I have the honour to be, Sir, Your most obedient Servant,

(Signed) GEORGE CANNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

St. James's-square, June 12, 1821.

Sir—Some one has *forged* my name to a letter to the Editor of the *Courier*, authorizing the publication of a correspondence between Mr. Canning and Sir Francis Burdett. Lord William Bentinck has assured me he knows nothing about the matter. I did authenticate copies of the letters that had passed between the two Gentlemen in question. But in so doing, *at the special request of Lord William Bentinck*, I stated that, although Sir Francis Burdett could have *no possible objection to their publication*, I should think it *unbecoming on his part to be a party to it.* As far as my own opinion went, of course, I could have opposed no obstacle to that which I thought *would do so much credit to Sir Francis Burdett.* But his lordship will recollect I stated *my surprise if Mr. Canning should wish to give notoriety to such a transaction.*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

We have been requested by Lord William Bentinck to give insertion to the following Letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING
CHRONICLE.

Park-lane, June 13, 1821.

Sir—A letter from Mr. D. Kinnaird, which appeared in your Paper of this day, in reference to the publication of the Correspondence between Mr. Canning and Sir Francis Burdett, requires from me the following explanation:—Certainly, the paragraph to which both our names are signed, though written by us, was not written as a letter to the Editor of the *Courier*, or to any other person. It was intended simply to authenticate the correspondence which it accompanied. The mistake, by which the Editor of the *Courier* considered it as addressed to himself, is explained by him in his Paper of this evening. With respect to the question of publishing, it is perfectly true that Mr. D. Kinnaird, though publication had his perfect assent, and though his authentication of the correspondence was given with *that view*, declined to be a party to it. But it is equally true, that publication, in some form or other, was always required by Mr. Canning, and was uniformly so stated by me to Mr. Kinnaird, from the moment that there appeared a prospect of the affair being brought to an amicable termination. I regret the mistake into which the Editor of *The Courier* has fallen, more especially as it has given rise to Mr. Kinnaird's letter, which, although (as I am convinced, from all that has passed between us upon this occasion) without the intention of the writer, seems to detract something from that complete satisfaction to the feelings as well as to the honour of both the

parties principally concerned, with which I can truly say Mr. Kinnaird and I mutually flattered ourselves, that this transaction had happily terminated.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. BENTINCK.

The same letter *mutatis mutandis* appeared in *The Courier* of last night, with the following note addressed by the Editor of *The Courier* to Lord W. Bentinck, which, says the Editor, his Lordship wishes to be annexed to his own letter:

The Editor of *The Courier* presents his compliments to Lord William Bentinck, and has the honour to inform him, with reference to that part of Mr. Douglas Kinnaird's letter which relates to the alleged "*forgery*" of his name, that the mistake originated in a practice ordinarily adopted in giving publication to the communications of Correspondents, viz. that of causing them to be addressed to the Editor of the Journal in which they appear. It is surely superfluous to add, that there could have existed no motive of any other kind for thus introducing the Correspondence.

The following is the *forgery* complained of by Mr. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—The following Correspondence (Nos. 1, 2, 3.) having passed between Mr. Canning and Sir Francis Burdett, we declare it to be authentic.

W. BENTINCK,

DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

June 11, 1821.

Thus we have all these curious documents before us; and, let us now see, whether you, Gentlemen, are ready to acknowledge, that *they* too are "*Westminster's Pride*."

As to the practise of duelling, though I by no means pretend that it includes any *moral offence*, it is any thing rather than a trial of *courage*; for, nine times out of ten, the parties are urged on to it by *fear*; and we accordingly see the most perfect cowards fighting duels. Shakspeare has admirably illustrated the real character of the duellist in the play, called "*What you will*." Sir Andrew, a stupid drunken Knight, has *fallen into disgrace* with his Mistress, he is told; and he is also told, that he must regain his lost ground by "some notable expedient of wit or of *valour*." Whereupon, after pretty nearly *ascertaining* that his rival *will not fight*, he sends him a challenge, written in a "curst and brief" style and manner. But, despicable as the

thing is; many as are the poltroons which it palms on the world for men of valour and of honour; monstrous as it is to suppose, that the fighting of a duel can make a rogue an honest man, and still more monstrous as it is to appeal to a pistol for the decision of an argument: still, if a man acknowledges the *legitimacy* of this mode of settling differences; if he will have the advantage attending the reputation of duel-fighting; if he will pretend to merit on account of a supposed readiness in him to fight duels; then, he subjects himself to the *laws of duelling*, and his conduct must be judged of by those laws.

Now, it is clear, that, when the complaining party comes, at once, to the point, and makes *disavowal* the condition, and the express and *only* condition, of *not fighting*, to *disavow* is to acknowledge *fear to fight*. This is so plain a thing that it cannot be questioned by any one. If, indeed, the injured, or pretended injured, party, call

for an *explanation*, and in civil terms, *without accompanying the call with a statement of the fighting alternative*; then, even a high dueller, or, as they call it, "*man of honour*," may *explain*, and may, if truth will bear him out, *disavow*. But, to say to a fighter, "*you shall disavow or fight*," is to cut off the possibility of honourable *parley*. Upon this principle all men act. If the honest labourer be told to retract *on pain of a slap in the face*, nothing but *fear of the slap* will make him retract.

Here I leave this matter, it being, in my eyes, of far less importance than the political consequences of this, as Mr. Canning calls it, "*prompt disavowal*." Let us see what "*Glory's*" assertion was. It was this: that Mr. Canning defended to the utmost a system, by the *hocus-pocus* tricks of which *he* and his *family* got much *public money*; that he espoused a cause by which *he* and his *family* *eat and drank*; that he was true to those who put it in

his power to get this money and to eat and drink, in like manner as the ox knoweth his *owner*, and the ass his *master's crib*.

This is the clear, the fair, the *only* meaning of the words; and, now, what says "*Glory*" of those words in his disavowal, or disclaimer? Why, that he had *no intention to make any allusion whatever to PERSONAL character!* The deuce he did not! Well! Let him then keep a glossomonger to be the bearer of his dispatches; for, it will henceforward be extremely dangerous to place the smallest degree of reliance on his *words* as they appear on the paper. Nothing *personal!* No *allusion even to personal character!* Good God! Then this may not be paper, on which I am writing, nor is this a pen that I hold in my hand. My name may not be William; and even "*Glory*" himself, as he once curiously enough observed, in one of his Crown-and-Anchor harangues, "*may be an oyster*" Plain as "*Glory*," in his Bar-

dolph-like fustian, seems to represent the proposition, "that to have is to have," why are we too *enlightened* not to doubt of that, if we are to be made to believe, that here was no intention to allude to personal character?

Personal character! What! Tell a man that he defends a fraudulent (*hocus pocus*) system for the sake of the money that he and his *family* get by it; tell him that he defends this false and wicked thing for the purpose of getting *eatables* and *drinkables*; tell him that he is, as to his employers, what the ox and ass are to their owner, and not to omit even the *crib*: and, after all this to say, that you mean *no* allusion to *personal character*! It must be confessed, that here is no *shuffle*, no *equivocation*: it is a plain, undisguised *swallowing of words*; and never did hungry ploughman more heartily open his shoulders to bolt down his master's bacon. If, to tell a man these things be not to allude to his *personal character*, neither is it to

allude to his personal character to say, that he is a *charlatan*, a *thief*, a *mean dependant toad-eater*, a fellow that supports villainy for the sake of getting *enough to eat and drink*.

But, gentlemen, there is a great deal more than this *swallowing of words* (which is certainly not the least disgraceful sort of *eating*) which hangs to the new doctrine here sent forth by "Glory." It amounts to this: that a man may support a *hocus-pocus* system for the purpose of getting money; for the purpose of getting *eatables* and *drinkables*; that he may be to the chiefs of such a system what the ox is to his owner and the ass to his master's *crib*: and that, *notwithstanding all this*, he may be a man of *good character*, an *honourable man*! Mind the poison of this doctrine; mark the mischievous tendency of it; and find out, if you can, from "Glory," what *he* would deem *bad character*; what *he* would deem a *dishonourable man*. Mark, I pray you, the sweeping

effect of this doctrine! A man may be a speculator, that is to say, a *public robber*; he may *give or take bribes*; he may be a *partial judge*; he may be a *traitor or rebel*; and yet bring no stain upon his *personal character*! He is still to be deemed an *honourable man*! He may, with all these atrocious crimes on his head, be the "*Pride of Westminster*;" and may possibly arrive at that pinnacle where the Rump will hail him as "*England's Glory*."

In order to shift off the charge of direct individual imputation "*Glory*" generalizes his assault, and says, that his letter (as *he* read it! Oh, God!) said "no more than all *political* men, who *benefit* from a system which they *advocate*, are *fairly* and *necessarily* subject to." What, "*Glory*!" are all political men who benefit from a system which they advocate *fairly* and even *necessarily* subject to be accused of acting, in such cases, merely from motives of getting money, and getting food and

drink? If this be the case no government can ever be carried on by *paid* functionaries; for all such must be mean and base wretches. Now *Mr. Monro and the Congress* are all *paid*. They all *benefit* from the system that they *advocate*; and are *they* also, *fairly* and NECESSARILY, subject to have imputed to them the corrupt and base motive that your letter (whether justly or not I, *for my part*, do not pretend to say) imputes to Mr. Canning? Go and try your bombast a little upon some Virginian, and see how quickly he will teach you the meaning of words!

Gentlemen, talk not of aristocratical pride and insolence, if you acknowledge this to be sound doctrine. No man, according to this doctrine, is to be *paid* for any *public services*; for, as to the qualification, contained in the word "*political*," what does it amount to? What is *political*? Why, connected with, or having relation to, *public affairs*; belonging to the *management of a*

nation's concerns. Every minister, every person employed in the affairs of government, every governor of a colony and all those employed under him; every judge, justice of the peace, and even the *King himself*: they are all *political men*: and, according to "*Glory*" if they be paid; or, if they benefit from that mode of governing which they advocate (and which it is their duty to advocate, mind); if they benefit from it, that is to say, if they be paid for their services, they are all "*fairly* and "*necessarily*" subject to the charge of advocating it for the sake of the money that it brings them; for the sake of getting eatables and drinkables; and, they are to be compared to the ox and the ass. So that, it comes to this, that all *political men* are to serve the public for nothing, and, of course, are to consist of those who have great wealth of their own! The folly of this is manifest enough; but the aristocratical insolence of it exceeds its

folly. Why has "*Glory*" wealth? Not because nature has given him any particular claim to it; but, because there have been, and are, "*political men* who benefit from the system they advocate" to prevent people from taking it from him. The fact, is, that, in order to fritter away the imputation on Mr. Canning, "*Glory*" makes a general sweep at all public functionaries, in all times, under all circumstances, and in all countries.

But, gentlemen, electors of Westminster, are you to forget, then, the colleague of "*Glory*?" That colleague is, indeed, no placeman himself; but Mr. Canning's family was introduced. And, is Mr. *Hobhouse's* family to be forgotten? Mr. *Hobhouse's* father has, for years and years, been a *Commissioner of the Nabob of Arcot's Debts*, with a salary of one thousand two hundred pounds a year. Mr. *Hobhouse's* uncle is Secretary to the famous *Sidmouth*, and has, of course, been an adviser

and assister of that renowned man during the whole of his renowned works. The family of Mr. Hobhouse has received more public money than the family of Mr. Canning, the latter himself included. Oh! but it is *uncandid* to make Mr. Hobhouse answerable for this, though, in all human probability his fortune will consist, in part at least, of what his father receives in this way, and though he lives under the roof of that father, studying, day and night, the doctrines hostile to "political men *benefitting* from the system *they advocate!*" But, then, where is the *justice* of the imputations on Mr. Canning? If one of the Hobhouses; if a son of the *Commissioner of Carnatic Debts* (an office that I dare not properly characterize), if such a person be to be palmed upon you by "Glory," what reason; what sense; what consistency; what *decency* is there in "Glory's" imputing base and corrupt motives to *all* men engaged in the manage-

ment of public affairs? What *decency* was there in *his* dragging forth the pension to the mother and sisters of Mr. Canning? It is very true, that "*to have is to have;*" and, Gentlemen, be you assured, that for Mr. Canning's family to *have* public money is just as well for you as for Mr. Hobhouse's family *to have* it.

So much for "Glory's" doctrines of *disinterestedness*, of which, probably, I shall say more by and by. I now come to the part that Mr. KINNAIRD has acted in this Westminster drama. He writes to the Morning Chronicle complaining that the Courier (or some one in it) has *forged his name!* Forged his name! Now, mind, here is a certificate of authenticity. It is *signed by Mr. Kinnaird*. He is requested to sign it by Lord W. Bentinck who receives it from him. The latter states to him, *at the time of signing, that Mr. Canning requires that it shall be published*. It is published; and, because there is, at the top of it, "*To the*

"*Editor of the Courier*," Mr. Kinnaird says that this is a *forgery* of his name to the certificate!

What a miserable effusion of mortification! What folly too! What incomparable and incomprehensible folly! The brains as well as the heart must have been gone. What could be more fair, more open, more honourable than the conduct, in this case, of Lord William and his principal? If Mr. Canning will always treat us real Reformers in this way, we will never complain of him. His Ambassador declared before hand, that *publication must take place*. Indeed, publication was absolutely necessary. Without that *nothing was accomplished*. What! for a public insult was there to be a private and secret apology? Nonsense! And nonsense, too, that no one other than a chicken of "Glory" would ever have suffered to enter into its head, much less drop from its pen.

This querulous letter of Mr. Kinnaird is full of follies. Why

make the gratuitous confession, that he *signed* the certificate "at the *special request* of Lord William Bentinck?" And, then, to say, that he himself "could, of course, wish to oppose no obstacle to the publication of that which he thought *would do so much honour to Sir Francis Burdett*;" to say this, at the very moment when he is discovering that he endeavoured to prevail on Lord William to *prevent publication*, and when he is discovering senseless rage at the publication having taken place; really, to put all this before the public eye, and that, too, without broomstick at back or pistol at breast; to do this thing voluntarily, and even eagerly, and to seem to think that it would tend to receive the desperate case of his client, is something wholly unparalleled in the annals of folly; but it is no more than was to be expected from one of those unfledged politicians that "Glory" chose to take under his wing when he abandoned the cause of the

people in 1817. He has supped sorrow for that on many occasions since; and the dose is not yet half down his throat.

But, Gentlemen, let us have a little more about this *forgery*. For thereby hangs an illustrative tale. This was *forgery*, was it? This was forging a name. Come, then. The *Rump*, the supporters of this very "*Glory*," finding him *hard pushed* in 1818, got from John Wright a private letter of mine, written ten years before, in perfect confidence, and they deputed Cleary to read a part of this letter on the hustings of Covent Garden. It was then published, the top and the bottom cut off, and my name clapped at the bottom of the middle. I called this a *forgery*. I was sued for so calling it; and, what you will be so just, I hope, as to bear in mind, "*Glory*" rode, afterwards, in a procession got up and conducted by these very persons; that very Cleary rode the milk-white charger (emblem of purity!) before him, who was seated in the ceru-

lean car, surmounted with the banners of "*Westminster's Pride and England's Glory!*" And yet, it is *forgery* in the Editor of the Courier to put at the top of authentic and literally correct papers, sent to him for publication, which publication had been expressly stipulated for by Lord William Bentinck; it is *forgery*, it is to forge a name, to put at the head of these documents the words "*to the Editor of the Courier!*" Bah! as the French say, when they turn up their noses.

I could go on a little, here, about publishing even *private letters*; but, I reserve that matter for another occasion, and will now, in discussing this part of my subject, just request you to join me in admiration of the sweet simplicity with which Mr. Kinnaird tell us, that he stated to Lord William his "*surprize* if Mr. Canning should wish to give "*notoriety to the transaction!*" This is a specimen of *naïveté* far surpassing that of the Shepherdess

of Frith Street. How Lord William Bentinck must have laughed. If he has any children of his own, the remark must have sent his mind back to the nursery, and set it to wandering amongst the whistles and rattles of the rising generation. And this, oh humbugged Electors of Westminster! *this* too; yea, even *this*, was, if "Glory" and the Rump could have had their way, to have been one of the persons that "purity of election" was to send into parliament, there to espouse and to maintain the cause of the people, in times of great difficulty and peril!

Here I should stop; but, there is a long arrear to bring up in the way of remark upon the public conduct of "Glory." And, I hope, that no one, except a right down member of the Rump will attempt to say, that "Glory" has a *privilege* that protects him against all animadversion whatever. At their shameless annual exhibitions, called "anniversaries of purity of election,"

they always toast the *liberty of the press*. "The liberty of the press. Like the air we breathe: "if we have it not we *die*." And die they speedily would, as Rump, if it were not for the influence of the corruption of the press. What but an influence of this sort could, for instance, have got a paragraph into the *Times newspaper*, calling this letter of "Glory" to Mr. Canning "a *dignified letter*?" There might, indeed, be something of fellow-feeling, in this case, between the *Times man* and "Glory;" for, you will probably recollect, the former did, not many months ago, act much about the same "*dignified*" part upon being called upon by the Proprietor of the Courier; to whom he had imputed the most villainous acts, and to whom he had given the foulest names; but who, upon receiving an intimation of a certain *alternative*, he assured his readers, was a very *honest and worthy gentleman*, against whose *personal character*

no injurious allusion had been intended! Therefore, it is possible, that, in this case, the good office arose from that sympathy which similarity of affliction is so apt to excite.

However, if *liberty of the press* mean any thing further than the use of that instrument to pour out upon the public the bombast of Glory and his tribe; if it mean any thing further than the employment of ink, paper and types to uphold him whether by false praises on himself, or false imputations on others; if it mean any thing beyond this, it must mean a something that justifies freely made remarks upon his public conduct, if any one choose to make those remarks.

Now, that *he* is a fit object for the press to exercise its power on must be manifest to every one. He is one of the Members for Westminster. He is held up as an *example* for other members of parliament to follow. His eulogists call him "*Westminster's Pride and England's Glory.*"

If, therefore, he fail to do that which fairly entitles him to these high commendations, it is the duty of the press to notice the failure; and, if it skulk from its duty in a case like this, base indeed it is, and no possible harm can arise from its total destruction, whether by the arm of the government or by that of individuals.

I received, about ten days ago, as I stated in my last Register, a letter, *threatening me with personal chastisement*, if I proceeded to make remarks (which I had then promised to do) on the affair between the hero of Gloucester Lodge and him of St. James's Place. This put me in mind of the standing toast, at the annual humbug dinners to celebrate "purity of election." This was a practical illustration of what was there meant by "*liberty of the press.*" The Rump liberty of the press means, then, that their *Cock* may crow out just what he pleases against others; that he may call fool, liar, rogue, and

may accuse of base and corrupt motives whomsoever it pleases him so to denominate and accuse; that he may fling slander about as far as his voice or that of the long-eared press will reach; and that, if any one should take it into his head to inquire a little into *his* conduct or character, knocking on the head is to be the instant punishment!

Gentlemen, we have complained, and very justly, of Sidmouth's Circular, of the Absolute - power - of - imprisonment Bill, of the Six-Acts; but, do they contain any thing more inimical to freedom than this doctrine of the Rump? Talk of persecutors, indeed! I know of no persecutors equal in malignity to the Westminster Rump. I know of none that make an approach towards them in point of disregard of means, so that they can accomplish their end.

What! Are you to hear a man denominated "England's Glory;" are you to hear him constantly loaded with praise; to see him

constantly held up as the *champion* of the people; to see him at the same time, not only do nothing, but attempt to do nothing, for that people; and are you to hold your tongues? And, if *you* act this part; if *you* condescend to be the mere sport of a set of intriguing tricksters in politics; if *you*, whether from thoughtlessness or ridiculous pertinacity abase yourselves thus before an inanimate idol, are *we*, the people of this whole nation, to follow your example? Are we to suffer this injustice to be done to truth and to ourselves, and that, too, without a murmur? It has long been a maxim with the Rump, not only that "Glory" is to be praised without ceasing; but, that *nobody else* is to be spoken of with commendation; and I actually remember an instance when an expression was introduced, in a set of resolutions, complimentary to LORD COCHRANE, and *effaced*, lest it should be "*unpleasant*" to Glory!

Let us look, then, at the *ground*

of these pretensions. Can you point to any thing that Glory has *done* to serve you? I know of nothing, nor of any attempt. But, I know of many things, even recently left undone, or done by him or by the Rump to public injury and scandal. What could be more contemptible and scandalous than the notification, in the public prints, that he would never pay the *fine*; that it was to be raised amongst his constituents; and then to send circulars all over the country, franked by himself or his colleague, *beseeching particular persons to subscribe*? Calling upon them for the "sake of England and of *Europe*" to contribute their mite! I saw one of these letters, covered by Mr. Hobhouse's frank! At last (as the *Rump tells us*) 600*l.* were got together, instead of 2,000*l.* Then, the collected money was, we were told, to be given to the *Manchester Sufferers*. Indeed! And, by what *authority*? One would have thought, that the proper objects were the men who had

been *imprisoned*, and not put *three months into custody*. And, besides, if the Manchester Sufferers were to have the money, was it *the Rump* that was to have the *selection* of those objects? We see no account of the *distribution*! However, the subscribers have the satisfaction to know, that the money is in *good hands*!

The *Times* news-paper informed us, that "Glory's" daughters were at the king's drawing-room, while the father was in "the custody of the Marshal of the King's Bench." That those young ladies were desired to go thither by him, nobody can doubt. Now, this was, at least as *public* an act as any of those imputed to Mr. Canning. Mr. Canning's *family* might be justifiably lodged in: I offer no opinion on that: but, is Glory to say what he pleases about other people's *families*, and is nothing to be said of *his*! This might be the most proper time in the world for sending his daughters to pay their respects to

the king and for not sending them to pay their respects to the Queen; and, in that case, there can be no harm in your bearing the curious fact in recollection.

The singular taste of the man that could let the Manchester affair sleep for a year and a half, and then give notice, *three months before hand*, of his intention to agitate it, struck every body; but, when he did bring it on, was there any necessity for him to speak in the manner he did of the *Birmingham-Meeting*, and that, too, just at the time that four gentlemen were daily expecting to be *brought up for judgment* on account of that meeting?

The description which he gave of that Meeting had an evident tendency to bring contempt upon them, and to deprive them, before-hand, of public interest in their favour. But, this is "Glory's" way. He has long been in the habit of scattering about his contemptuous assertions at random, and that, too, upon men possessing a thousand times

his talent and knowledge and a million times his zeal in the cause of public freedom. This backward kick at the Birmingham Reformers is, however, only of a piece with his *defence at Leicester*, in which he told the Special Jury, that *he* (oh, no!) had *never addressed Letters to Weaver-Boys*; and had never favoured the "*clamours against the Corn-Bill*." And can *you*, the *Electors of Westminster*, approve of conduct like this! Was this the "Pride of Westminster?" And are you, or, at any rate, is *the nation*, to acknowledge that this man is the "Glory of England?"

However, the great thing is, that he *does nothing for the people*. There is a *tax to be taken off*. Did he *vote for the measure*? No, not even vote for it, much less open that mouth, in the way of speech, which has so often been opened at the Crown and Anchor. This tax is *so much*, at any rate, in the way of relief; and, for the want of his vote, it *might* have been kept on. Did

he vote *against the grant to the Duke of Clarence*? Oh! by no means! What, then, is he *for*? What is he sent to the parliament *for*? I ask you. It would, I believe, be difficult for *you* to tell; though, if you give yourselves time to reflect a little, you will see, that the incessant intrigues of the Rump are not *without an object*. Take care! or, one of these days, you will be a laughing stock to the whole nation. Even the Rump themselves do not perceive, nor do they even suspect, the *ultimate point*, to which their labours tend.

This "*do-no-good*," personage has, however, recently received a neat little hint from the people of *Southwark*, who, it would seem, are not to be humbugged in the Westminster style. They, too, have, it would appear, their *anniversary*, not, perhaps, of "*purity of election*," but of Sir ROBERT WILSON'S Election. They have, apparently, no Rump to manage their affairs, and to keep them in an *enlightened* state.

Surrey men are naturally dull of apprehension. I have known them ever since I was eighteen inches high; and I know that their stupidity is proverbial. It is, therefore, by no means surprising, that they, with no Rump to guide their understandings, could see no good reason for Sir ROBERT'S voting many thousands of pounds out of *their* pockets to his Majesty's brother, at a season of distress like this, merely because *the king* had made a kind offer to *Sir Robert's family*; and the latter, notwithstanding he was assisted by "Glory" (who honoured the festival with his august and resplendant presence) seems to have failed in an endeavour to bring them to a *clear understanding* of the matter; more especially as "Glory" did not account for the motives that induced *him* not to vote *against* the said grant! This was sad work! Sir Robert must have a Rump, or he will never get on.

Upon this occasion "Glory," imagined himself, apparently, at

the Crown and Anchor, went on for a time, in his old strain, entertaining the audience with great numbers of his sublime ideas, such as that of his indefatigable labours to "*find a public,*" and assuring them, that "*to have was to have,*" till, at last, coming to his old note, which has so long charmed in Westminster, that he could "*do no good*" in parliament, an honest Southwarker roared out: "*Why don't you give up your seat, then?*" Others backed him by calling out loud "*Mr. Hume!* Look at *Mr. Hume!* See whether he can "*do no good!*" This was a terrible rebuff. "*Glory*" began to explain; and, hastening to a close, endeavoured to conciliate by praising *Mr. Hume*. This was a grand "*mistake.*" *Glory* said that Sir Robert voted for the Duke of Clarence *by mistake*; That was a great mistake; but *Glory's* was a greater in going to a grand dinner without a *Rump* to take care of the ceremonial. The Westminster Rump can con-

tract itself into *three* and can swell itself out into *three hundred*. Talk of *monsters*, indeed! — This is the greatest monster in the creation; and we have the facts upon *their own oaths*.

The Rump proceed thus. They organize a dinner. They appoint a body, whom they call *stewards*; not those whose names appear in the news-papers; but, a select corps of stout and efficient fellows, each of whom carries a pretty *stout stick* in his hand, which he calls a "*wand,*" and which, by an application of the butt end, will fetch a troublesome spokesman down. This corps is constantly on foot during the whole of the time that *Glory* is present. A *garde de corps*, consisting of the *élite* of this body, receive him at the door of the Tavern, conduct him to his chair, and re-conduct him when he retires. Having seen him seated, they, as soon as the shouts have subsided, file off, and then the individuals of the whole body repair to the posts

that have been assigned them, in different parts of the room, leaving no space of more than ten feet unwatched by "a *Steward*." Besides this body of officers, openly avowed, there are others enrolled to act specially for the day. These are seated at a table and ply the knife and fork. They are distributed in such a way, that no man can speak to another, except in a whisper, without being heard by some one of these, who watch not only the words but the looks. It is also the business of them to *cheer*, to *clap*, and to lead on and keep up the *huzzas*. The moment the slightest disposition is discovered, or even suspected, in any quarter, to *oppose*, or to *dissent*, intelligence is conveyed to the "*Steward's Room*," where there is a "*Council of Safety*" constantly sitting to receive information and issue orders. When, therefore, a refractory person gets up to speak, he finds behind him, three or four stout fellows to *haul at the skirts of his coat*, while the whole corps bellow out, from all parts of the room, "*turn him out! Turn him out!*" "*He's drunk! He's a spy!*"

These are the tactics of the Rump; and thus it is that Glory's dinners always go off with so much harmony and applause. If there

had been a Rump in Southwark, there would have been no man to call out, "*Mr. Hume*." I'll warrant it. Sir Robert must, therefore, get a *Rump*, or he would do better to have no more *festivals* to celebrate "*purity of election*." At any rate, I'll engage, that he never gets Glory there again, unless upon the express stipulation, that the management be wholly committed to the hands of his own proper corporeal Westminster Rump. They would soon enlighten the Surrey blunderheads! They would teach them good manners. They would, in short, make them know that to pay their money and to huzza were all that they had to do; and, that, if any one attempted to speak without leave, he would have the clothes torn off his body.

Some one will say, what *gain* is it to Glory to have a seat? That is a question which has nothing to do with the matter. *Gain* in money is not the *only gain*. Why do men want to be *Lords*? But, if you come to that, it is a gain. The power of *franking*, in some hands, is worth *four hundred pounds a year*. To have all the *Acts of Parliament* delivered cost free is worth something. The Reports and Returns, carried to each member's house, during a

good long Session, are worth *some pounds, as waste paper!* All this is something; and, mind, it is *twice as much as a Member of the American Congress receives* in a year; and, if a man says flatly (and acts bang up to his saying), that he can "*do no good*" for it, it is a great deal too much.

But, it is *power*; it is *privilege*; it is a *great deal*; and that Glory thinks it is a great deal we may be sure, from the exertions he made to keep the post when it was in danger of being lost to him. However, there is another powerful motive. Glory is *in*; and he is reluctant to be *out*. He has played his cards *deeply*. *Safe against both sides!* Whatever else he may be wanting in, he is not wanting in *cunning*. He well knows the power of false shame in making men support him outwardly long after they became sorry for having ever supported him. He is a deep man; knows well how to play his cards, so as, *in no contingency, to be exposed to danger*.

I can excuse men, who, having fixed on their *cock*, stick to him a great while longer than reason and justice warrant; but, there is another class, that I cannot excuse; namely, the *worshippers of mere wealth*. This is a very base

class, but by no means small, and of this "Glory" is well apprized. As long as he is known to be rich, he will have the whole of this vile tribe amongst his supporters. However, this tribe, though numerous, is nothing compared with the honest and deceived class; and, therefore, unless he look sharply about him, he will soon have but *one stool* left; or will slip down between the two. The times are *unfavourable* to him. A full-belly amongst the labouring classes has produced quiet; and, the chaos being passed, we are got into a state, in which we can see things clearly. "Glory" must now *do something*; or, he will find that his ground, even in Westminster is no longer tenable. The Rump cannot keep you in blindness another year. We shall see him, I take it, sink away from public view amongst the lowest of the higher classes, taking special care, in future, how he talks of the Ox knowing his owner and the Ass his master's crib! I must do the Rump the justice to say, that my *little bird* tells me a good deal about even their *discontents*. There have been footmen of sentiments too high to continue in the service of a faded master; and I should not be very much surprized to see

some of the members of the Rump taking care, before it be long, to shew their neighbours, that they no longer form a part of that celebrated body. The *Pitt-Club* of London has, I understand, met for the last time, those in the country having expired last year; and, if I am rightly informed, that still more impudent farce, "Purity of Election," has seen its last dinner.

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

FINANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

On Wednesday night Mr. HUME, after a speech of great and laborious detail, made the following motion in the House of Commons :

"That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, humbly to request, that, with a view of affording relief to the country from a part of its burdens, he will be graciously pleased to direct that a minute investigation be instituted into the mode and expence of the management and collection of the several branches of the Revenue; that a careful revision be made of all salaries and allowances, especially of those which have been increased since 1797, in order that they may be adjusted to the increased value

of the currency, and to the distressed circumstances of the country; that a vigilant superintendence be exercised over the expenditure of the country in all its departments, in order that every reduction may be made therein which can be effected without detriment to the public interest: and, in particular, in the number of the Army and the expence of its Establishments."

Mr. BANKS moved an amendment upon this in the following words:—

"That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, assuring him that the House regarded with great satisfaction the general revision which had taken place in the Department of the Customs of Great Britain, entreating that a similar investigation might take place in the other branches of the revenue, with a view to render the collection more economical; that further relief might be afforded to the sufferings of the people, by instituting an inquiry into the several departments of the Civil Government, as well with a view of reducing the number of persons employed in consequence of the increase of business during the war, as of diminishing the amount of the salaries increased since 1797, in consequence of the additional labour imposed on those offices and the diminished value of money; praying, finally, that his Majesty would direct every saving to be made in the more extensive department provided for the safety and defence of the United Kingdom, and more especially in the military department, by a greater

“reduction of the army, and of all
“other departments connected with
“the ample supplies voted by Parlia-
“ment.”

This is a matter of *great public interest*. There is, the reader will see, no difference, *substantially*, in the two motions. But, mind, the ministers did not *dare* meet Mr. HUME's motion either with a *negative* or a *previous question*! This is greatly important; for, it proves this: that the landlords, *supporters of the Ministers*, are *resolved to reduce the establishments*! And I unequivocally assert, that, if they go *that length*, they will go *further*. Mr. GOOCH, who is, by excellence, *the supporter of the Pitt-system*, voted for the amendment; but, hear him:

“Mr. GOOCH was anxious to
“bear testimony, as Chairman
“of the Agricultural Committee,
“to the spirit of economy and
“retrenchment which pervaded
“their inquiries. He preferred the
“Address proposed by the Ho-
“nourable Member for Corfe
“Castle to that proposed by the
“Honourable Member for Aber-
“deen, because the latter was
“expressed in a tone of censure
“against *[Ministers, which he*
“*did not think that Ministers*
“*deserved*. He was of opinion

“at the same time, that Minis-
“ters *ought to have commenced*
“*the reductions earlier* (hear,
“hear! from the Opposition),
“but they had *taken it up now*,
“and he was sure they had *done*
“*so with sincerity*. The Address
“which attached censure to his
“Majesty's Ministers, could only
“be considered as a party ques-
“tion, and as he could *see no ad-*
“*vantage from any change in the*
“*government*, and would rather
“have the present Ministers in
“place *than their opponents*, he
“would resist the motion, hoping
“that the Government would go
“*heart in hand to promote the*
“*great objects of economy and*
“*relief*. For these reasons he
“would second the motion of
“his Hon. Friend, the Member
“for Corfe Castle.”

Well said, GAFFER! Now, then, here spoke the *landlords*! There is to be *retrenchment*, or ———! The fatal words, if I dared pronounce them . . . I will . . . *turn out*. This the ministers will not do; and, then, to *pieces goes the system*!

LORD CASTLEREAGH followed Mr. GOOCH, but, not in the old language. He did, however, try to rally a little; and talked of a change of ministry being of no service, because the Radicals

would be just as wide from the new ministers as from the old. Poh! my lord! The landlords are now much more afraid of the Jews than they are of the Radicals. The landlord sees only a chance of losing his estate by the Radicals; and he sees the certainty of losing it by the Jews. Lord CASTLEREAGH said, that he should be a *mountebank*, if he held out a hope of reducing the taxes *four millions*. Indeed, I'll bet him my whistle against his "thunder," that he quits his post, unless he reduce them *more than six millions* before the next 26th of June, unless gold-payments at the Bank be put a stop to; and that they cannot be without disgrace bordering upon infamy.

The conclusion of the noble lord's harangue was peculiarly inapt. He said that, during the recess, he should earnestly forward the object of economy. Very good; an expression of fear of the landlords. But he added, that he should then "be happy to meet *that* parliament, "who had *saved this great country*, "try, and, in saving it, *the world!*" Fustian. But, never mind "*the world*," my lord; how have they *saved* this country? Are we *saved*? Pretty salvation, it is, if we are *saved*! We are,

in fact, only beginning *the trial*. It will be soon enough to talk about salvation where *you*, even you can give us something to build a *hope* on. You have not been able to do *that* yet. The funds must be deducted from in point of *interest*, or the landlords ruined. Is it not so? Can any man deny it. And, in your view of things, is the country, then, *saved*? I know how to estimate *big words*; and I know, that some men never talk bigger than when their hearts are in their shoes.

How is it, reader, that Mr. CANNING never meddles with *these matters*? They are, I suppose, beneath the flight of his mind. He would do well to think a little about them, if he intend ever to taste of the "*crib*" again; for, I can assure him, that they will be "*the rage*" during the next session of parliament. *Long and rattling speeches* will be very much out of fashion. It is an affair of house and home or no house and home with the landlords. It *must* come to issue! And, that issue will include a *Reform of the Parliament*, in spite of his teeth. He may call us Radicals, or what he will: but, we shall have the Reform; yea, of "*that Parliament* that

"has saved this great country
"and the world."

Lord *Tavistock* and Lord *Milton* made excellent speeches in this debate; and Lord *Titchfield* a speech which every one should read. Sensible, sound, modest, and breathing sincerity in every sentence. It has given me so much pleasure, that I cannot refrain from inserting it entire.

The Marquis of *TITCHFIELD* began in so low a tone of voice as to be at first nearly inaudible. He said his deliberate conviction led him to follow the example of the Noble Lord who had seconded the original Address, by urging the necessity of retrenchment and economy. He begged the House to be impressed in time with the important truth, that when the resources of the nation were exhausted, and the fortunes of individuals universally impaired, there was no real relief but in rigorous economy (hear, hear, hear!) Some persons had been sanguine enough to suppose that the country would right itself by some unintelligible working of events; he hoped that delusion had passed—that their eyes were now opened, and that they saw economy alone was the only chance of the country's salvation (hear, hear!); and if the country was ever to emerge out of its present helpless situation, he wished Ministers would begin. There was no longer any surplus wealth to feed a system of extravagance. Until the taxes were lightened it was useless to talk of the energies of the nation being restored. But he believed this was not to be ex-

pected unless Parliament interfered decidedly, and with more spirit than the Address of the Hon. Member for Corfe Castle expressed (hear!). If Parliament did not act in a decided manner, it was impossible that the country could get out of its present state of exhaustion until some war came suddenly upon us (hear, hear!). It must then, after an ineffectual struggle, either abandon its pretensions, or if, through the weakness of its army rather than by its own strength, it obtained a dishonourable peace, its exertions would sink it still lower under the pressure of accumulated debt, until it lay at the mercy of the first power who assailed us [hear, hear!]. The relief of which he spoke was not to be had by cutting of thousands or tens of thousands from the public expenditure, but by cutting off millions. How much might not be saved by the reduction of the military force? It was unintelligible to him what was the use of the vast military force which we now maintained; no doubt Gentlemen on the other side of the House said it was required for the public security and quiet of the realm. He would not go into the details of the question; he had nothing to do with them; but he begged them to recollect, that while they had 249,000 men of all arms to protect the public security, something ought to be done to secure the finances [cheers]. If we did not support the financial credit of the country now, how were we to be put in a state of defence, if a sudden war came upon us? The strength of England being, not in having garrisons in various parts of the world, but in her ability to subsidize other powers, and to en-

gage their mighty armaments in keeping war from her territory ; but if we destroyed our resources in peace by a useless display of military power, in the moment of war we should be so much the more weakened [hear, hear, hear !] ; and we should no longer shew to surrounding nations, that the means which our well regulated industry supplied, enabled us to chastise the ambition of the aggressor. Putting all party feelings aside, he allowed it to be probable that some retrenchment would be made, but the question was to the quantity of that retrenchment. Every now and then no doubt his Majesty's Ministers would be stimulated to some act of retrenchment, by their avowed supporters, when they found it their interest to obtain the removal of some particular tax. When Gentlemen should be receiving 5,000*l.* next year from landed property which now gave 10,000*l.* they might perhaps complain of some other tax, and insist upon its removal [hear, hear !] He would now state why he intended to vote for the Address of the Honourable Member for Aberdeen, instead of that of the Member for Corfe Castle, which he confessed he viewed with great suspicion [a laugh]. The latter had not that spirit by which such a measure ought to be enforced ; and he had therefore no faith in the amount of the saving which it was likely to produce. He hoped it would

not be thought necessary next Session to spend the public money and disturb the public quiet, with a view to keep Ministers in their places, by the sacrifice of a Royal victim [loud cheers]. He hoped they would not think it necessary to court favour by despising justice, nor to continue in office by persecuting an individual, whose former wrongs and persecutions entitled her at least to the forbearance of her enemies [hear, hear !]. If they cared not to taint their own name and to tarnish the character of the country, yet, on the score of morals and security, he trusted they would not again exhibit to the world the dreadful scene of putting perjury to auction in the markets of Milan [loud cheers].—His respect for the House prevented him from giving those terms to that black transaction which it received from public opinion and the indignant justice of the nation. By that proceeding he feared the character of Parliament was incurably wounded ; that wound rankled yet, but its effects might possibly be mitigated by acting with spirit on the present occasion, and by shewing that it was not the absolute tool of persons who had it in their power to distribute places and pensions. From this motive, if he had no other, the original Address should have his cordial support.—The Noble Lord concluded amid loud cheering.

LAWYER SCARLETT'S BILL.

“Dead! Dead for a ducat!”

It is, to come on *to-night* Poor thing! I knew what a perilous state it was in. Let us hear no more, then, about “*improvident fathers*” amongst the *poor*. This is the first bill that I recollect to have produced an *adjourned debate*, and the debate not resumed till a *fortnight afterwards*.

Mr. DAWSON, on Tuesday, very properly characterized this Bill, “A Bill to stultify that generous system of legislation on which this country had so long acted, to deprive thousands of the means of subsistence, and to make them vagrants.”—

Lawyer SCARLETT (in allusion to this) said, that “he would only say that he never would have brought in the Bill now before Parliament if he did not think that it would tend to ameliorate the condition of the Poor. He thought that

“Hon. Gentlemen would only act fairly to hear *arguments* in favour of public measures instead of anticipating and *persing* them.” Why, come, now, Lawyer SCARLETT, hang it, Mr. DAWSON had heard your *arguments* three times, at least. I shall, in my next, certainly have to perform the mournful task of recording the death of this ill-starred Bill.

MR. BIRKBECK.

The reader sees that I have no room for this gentleman this week. I shall not give him much next week; but, in the mean while, let me beg no one to be the dupe of the *Western Romance*. If the Chronicle’s “Yorkshire Correspondent” be worthy of the name of *man*, he will send me his *name*. I take it, he is a *land-Agent* for the transmontaneous speculator, whose visions have already brought many Englishmen to ruin and to premature graves.

COBBETT'S SERMONS.

Sermons the public call them, and I will do the same. The *Six Acts* provides for the free circulation of pamphlets on religion, so that I may be said to take, in this case, the benefit of those acts. I will confess, that it was those Acts which *inspired* me with the thought of preaching in print. "*Tract*" is beneath the thing described; and, besides, the public will have mine to be *Sermons*. Sermons, therefore, they shall be. As a proof of the piety of the days, in which we live, and of my superiority over the *Doctors*, I will venture to say, that I am able to prove a ten times greater sale of my Sermons, than can be proved of the Sermons of any Doctor that belongs, or ever did belong, to either of the Universities.

PRELIMINARY PART

OF

COBBETT'S PAPER AGAINST GOLD.

This Work is just published, price 3s. 6d. and it does, I think, clearly prove the *justice* as well as the *necessity* of greatly reducing first, and, in the end, stopping altogether, the *Interest of the Debt*. It consists of Essays written between 1803 and 1806, both inclusive, to which are subjoined, some notes. Its arguments then were met by arguments (which are all fairly stated) and by most foul abuse. They remained wholly unshaken then; and, I am satisfied, they will remain unshaken now.—The reader will be amused to see, that Mr. RICARDO'S project for *dividing the land with the fund-holders*, originated with one of the silliest of my antagonists of 1806! Oh! Mr. Peel! How "*happy* the Spanish Legislator must be to be able to take down from his shelf a Blackstone, or a Ricardo!"

Just Published, by W. Clark, 201, Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church,

KILLING NO MURDER, written by COL. TITUS during the Protectorship of OLIVER CROMWELL, who is said by different historians to have NEVER SMILED after the publication of it. Printed in 4to. from the original, without any alteration in orthography or punctuation, price 2s. 6d.

2. REFLECTIONS on the LIFE and DEATH of LORD CLIVE, by Mr. THOMAS PAINE. This piece, which is a specimen of beautiful writing, never appeared in this country till Mr. Clark, who brought it from the United States, published it.—Price 3d.

3. ESSAYS on SUICIDE, MIRACLES, and the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL. By DAVID HUME. Price 1s.

4. WREATH of FREEDOM, being a Collection of Songs in favour of Public Liberty; many of them are American Republican Songs, which are in no other collection. Price 1s. 6d.

5. MANIA of EMIGRATING to the UNITED STATES, EXPOSED. Price 1s.

6. DE FOE's TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN. Price 6d.

7. FUN BOX BROKE OPEN; or LOTTERIES EXPOSED. Price 6d.

8. An hitherto suppressed Poem, by Lord Byron, entitled WALTZ, elegantly printed in 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

9. Mr. Clark has a few copies of SHERWIN'S LIFE of PAINE. Price 7s. 6d. This is the only work that has done justice to the memory of Mr. Paine.

MEMOIRS of HENRY HUNT. Esq.

THE Publisher of Mr. Hunt's Memoirs, is authorised to inform the Subscribers, that owing to the incessant attendance of the Author before the Commissioners for investigating the state of Ilchester Gaol, the Seventeenth Number of the Memoirs cannot be published before the second week in July. No. 17 will contain a mass of most important information respecting the pending investigation and the interior managements of English Prisons.

299, Strand, June 28, 1821.